VOL 30 / NO 1 FEBRUARY 1979

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Stations of the Cross: Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

Sculpture by Jane McClintock

THE PURPOSE of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

Contents *Volume 30 / Number 1 / February 1979*

2 Excellence *by Nixeon Civille Handy*

6 A Conversation with Dr Hung *by Mary P. Funk*

12 Tu Fu On Winter

15 Readers Respond

16 Couldn't God Hear My Prayers? *by Mary MacNeal*

20 A Prayer *by Frances Brandon Neighbours*

22 A Boy Philosopher *by Isaac Bashevis Singer*

27 Higher Consciousness *by Gopi Krishna*

1 Editorial 34 Notices & Comment 35 Book Reviews

COPYRIGHT 1979 BY FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER INC.

EDITORIAL

EXCELLENCE -- A FEW WORDS FOR AND AGAINST

THE EXCELLENCE of excellence would not appear to be in need of citation or recommendation here. Although in our society it is a word used most commonly to promote a product--a movie, a book, a restaurant, a cigar--it pertains also to immaterial matters of the kind we are concerned with in Fellowship in Prayer. It is connected with the life of the human spirit. If we achieve it, perhaps even if we merely aspire to it or value it in others, it surely is productive of better relations with higher powers and doubtless contributes to t he efficacy of our prayers. Obviously it is an appropriate theme for an issue of this publication.

A word, however, of caution about excellence, even of warning against it.

My own personal experience of it has been mainly with the verb form of it: "to excel." That was how it was most vividly presented to me for my own participation in it, and when I look back on the demands it made on me in all the different activities of my young life, I get in touch with attitudes which, though they as often as possible produced the deseired trophy of recognition, the silver cup, the gold medal, and whatnot, were the source of rewards that were anything but excellent in themselves.

In the unsophisticated minds and hearts of those of my elders who were prompting me to excel, the word was harmlessly intransitive. "To be superior"--which is the first meaning given for it--was to them as to me to do something for its own sake, for the good Lord's, which was innocent and beautiful to behold: something like the blooming of a flower.

Sooner rather than later I began to understand that its secondary meaning of "surpassing others" was what most truly counted. And here I early discovered the trouble with excellence as far as I was involved in it. It was the beginning of a fight and battle which did not end until I was willing to admit defeat decades later.

Like a lot of American males (females too, nowadays), I devoted more effort to the surpassing of others in one way or another than in the achievement of any genuine excellence. Indeed, if I am to tell the truth, the battle to surpass others became so engrossing and finally so destruc-

(Continued on page 36)

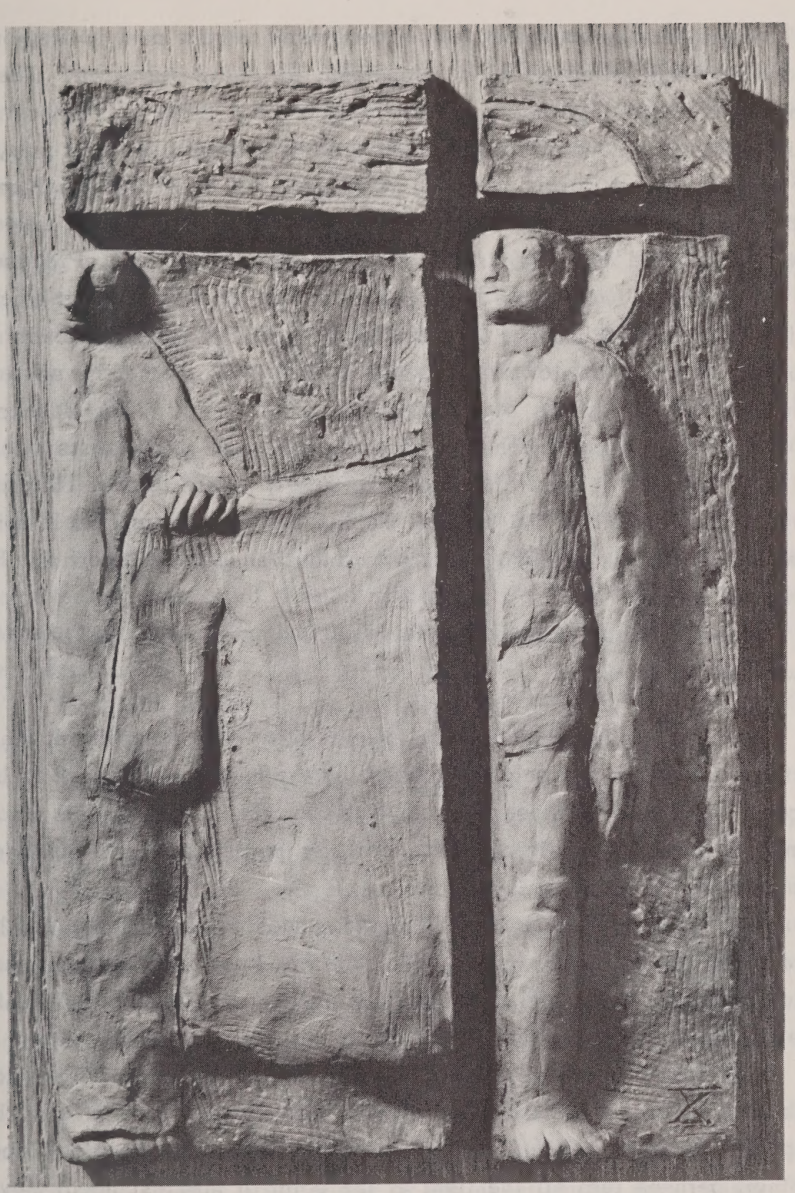
EXCELLENCE

The creative person often finds it in the holy image

BY NIXEON CIVILLE HANDY

IT WAS JOHN GARDNER who startled me into thinking about excellence. I began with a standard and came out believing in a process. A standard is cold and rigid, untranslatable, but a process! It bonks the mind to think of it: seed today, flower, fruit tomorrow--an ordinary happening, you say, so what? Until you think it. . . . His book *Excellence* provides the springboard.

All right. Begin with a squawling, squirming human thing swaddled scarlet. Big deal!According to statistics, it happens every eight minutes. Very common and ordinary, until you realize it and wonder at it. Gloria in excelsis--a life to live!



JESUS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

Maquette (terracotta on oak) for THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS by Jane McClintock, sculptor and watercolorist born in California now living in New York City. The devotion of the Way of the Cross consists of meditating on the fourteen principal scenes of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

Consider character. Six feet of what used to be a man, bottled-out into a stinking gutter. So what? Hopeless. We shrug, turn away. Then someone comes along who cares--love walks in and takes over. Impossibility dribbles off and the process of excellence begins. How far away? As far as love is strong. John Gardner asks, "Can we be equal and excellent, too?" We think of the mind as a storehouse to be filled, when we should be regarding it as an instrument to use. Process.

All too many times we hand over to young ones (as well as others trying to grow) the bouquet of cut flowers, when we might be teaching, showing them how to grow their own blossoms. Don't we need a system that provides the fruit's own continuous renewal toward excellence?

Emerson: "Once we had wooden chalices and gold priests; now we have golden chalices and wooden priests. We are forever building the church, and killing the creed." Form takes over the spirit. Is this what the "new" is for? To begin over and over again? Renewing the vision? Process.

Creativity cannot help but play a part in the renewal, in the move toward excellence.

Gardner: "The highest level of creativity can be expected where performance is not severely constricted by the nature of the task to be accomplished, and in those lines of endeavor that involve man's emotions, judgment, symbolizing power, esthetic perceptions, and spiritual impulses."

As one scientist has said, he could schedule his lab hours, but he sure couldn't schedule his ideas. Who can? Who knows where the masterpiece is coming from? And when? A painting, a sculpture, a poem, a life changed toward excellence?

Some believe the exercise of imagination fosters creativity. I do. It is said Alexander the Great called on Diogenes to inquire if he might help him. Diogenes replied: "Stand out of my light." We do block one another, perhaps turn off the light at the point of greatest need. Move over, and let me live.

If you would create, remain open, seeing out, and looking into. Status quo is often a dirty word. But we've never done it that way before! Therefore we don't change it. William Blake called defenses against new ideas "mind-forged manacles." Remember for a moment that earthquakes and tidal waves have caused beautiful new cities to

be built in their wakes. Storms are a part of the normal climate of our lives. The strait-jacket of custom is not always the best answer. We are concerned about how to do it, but this concern can lead us into an empty worship of the method, and all of the blaze of the vision is smothered. Red tape can hang us all. There is a tyranny in any formula. Safety--to a degree. But a tyranny. And as we become accustomed, entangled, we scream for the villain. Who is doing this to us? Why, we are. We are a society believing that if we can point to someone else as the culprit, before he points at us, we have it made. Shame on us. Somehow we have convinced ourselves as individuals that it's the other person forever who causes the holocaust. We are the innocent bystanders. It hurts, doesn't it, to admit it? What can I do, I the innocent? We refuse to move into the participant's step, the next step of involvement, preferring to be the finger-pointer. We stand and we say, "Sure, I just stood there and let it happen. How could I know the man would be dead the third time he got hit with the lead pipe?" Someone has elegantly said: The last thing a fish might be conscious of would be the water it swims in.

Our John Gardner says that embedded man swims just as innocently in the culture of his community.

Society is the individual. What else?

And why is it we want to do what everybody else is doing as long as it does not require any effort? Eric Hofer answers: The man who submits willingly to an authoritarian regime relieves himself of the anxieties and responsibilities of individual autonomy. "It's hard long work hoeing your own row. But it is the certain way to qualify for redemption. For this is the row that leads to the larger harmony of the universe, and to the creator of all that lives, moves, and has being--the innovator and example of LOVE."

One of the finest thoughts John Gardner offers is "hunger for meaning." Every person seeks a meaning for his living. The creative person often finds it first created by the Maker, in the holy image. Then the striving toward excellence can begin. What is my commitment? My guidelines? Let us look to renewal of values. Let us look *for* the Holy. Let us look *to* the Holy.

Who never knocks will never know.

John Gardner's EXCELLENCE is available in paperback ($1.95) from Harper & Row, Publishers, New York.

William Hung, Ph.D., is internationally renowned as a Chinese scholar. Retired as a history professor at Harvard, he is one of the original group of Trustees of Fellowship in Prayer (1949) and its first President. Bursting with ideas and energy, he emphasized his points with vigorous gestures, open hands striking a table, his words staccato and rapid and interspersed with warm gusts of laughter. He talked to us about his boyhood in China, a soothsayer's predictions about his life, the Fellowship's early days, the mistakes made by the various faiths, and the importance of a smile---and of values and spirit.

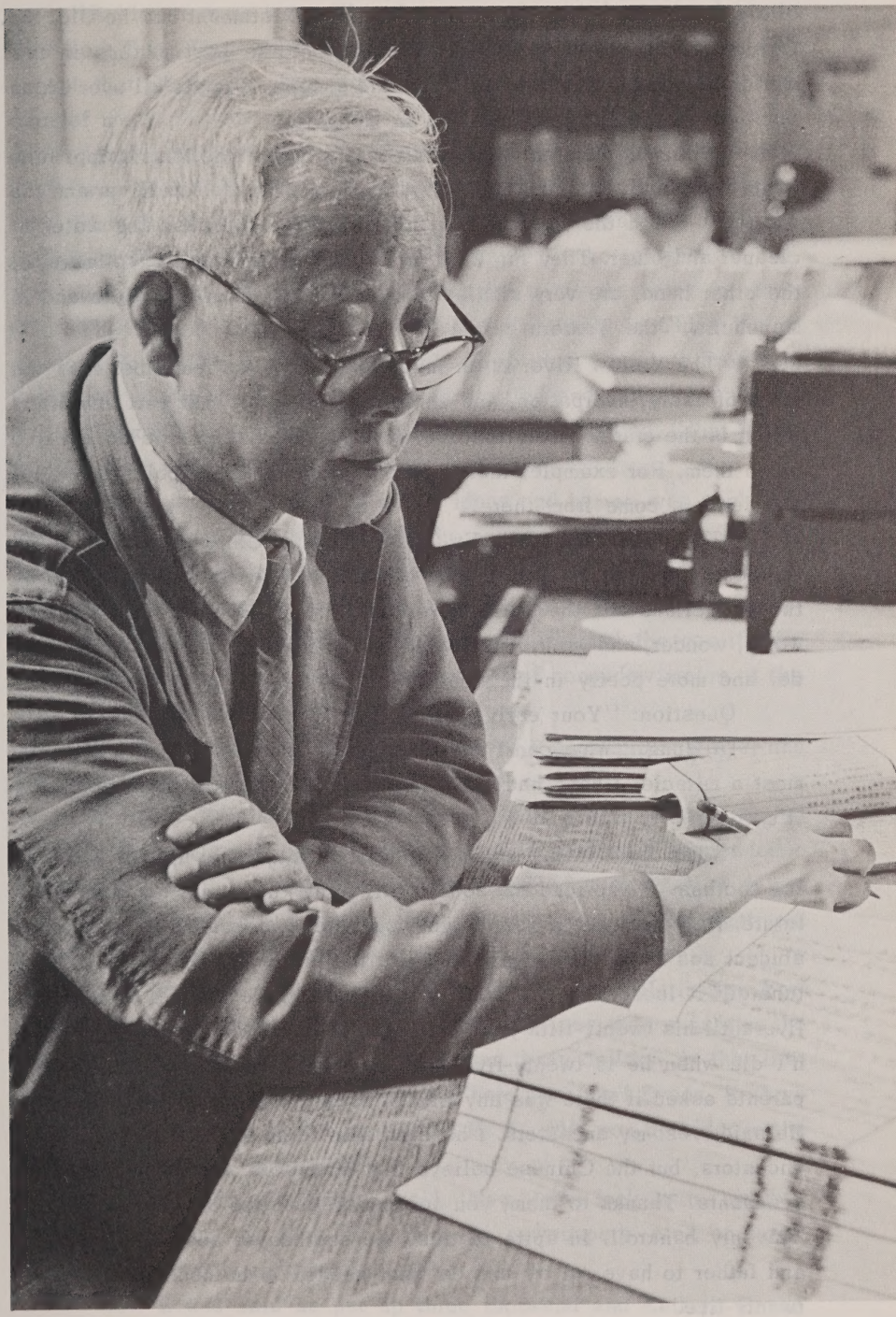
A Conversation with DR HUNG

WE VISITED DR. HUNG last summer at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He lives in a house on a tree-lined street away from the bustle of town. Almost immediately after we knocked, he opened the door for us. Now in his eighty-fifth year, he welcomed us with a smile and a profusion of words. He guided us into a room which was airy and light though full of objects to delight our every glance--paintings, vases, sculptures, chests, chairs. From the placement of the chairs it was obvious that the purpose of the room was conversation, the music of friendship.

We began by talking of China and about the meaning of the Bible for people living on the other side of the world in an entirely different civilization.

Question: "How would orientals relate to sheep and the parables of Jesus, for instance? They don't have wool, do they?"

Dr Hung: "We've got lots of sheep. And, with the sheep, a pas-



toral people who believe not only in the New Testament but the Old, too. Particularly the Twenty-third Psalm, one of the best psalms in the world and one of my favorites. There are sheep and goats all over China but particularly in the North and in Mongolia.

"China is different from this country, where the Mississippi runs North and South. In China the main streams are the Yellow River and the Yangtze, which the French call the Blue River because the water is cleaner and bluer. They run West to East. The latitude and climate, on the other hand, are very similar to ours. It's warm in the South and in Manchuria, the Western part.

"The Yellow River is an inverted U. You can remember it if you think of usary, usurpation, and unrealized utopias. That part of China, which is the cradle of civilization, gives us ideals. But we do not live up to them. For example, there is Confucianism. Great politicians and war leaders come from there.

"Up to the time of Tu Fu (712-770 A.D.), China's greatest poet, the South was mostly undeveloped because of misrule and invasions by the Mongolians and the Turks. Everyone who could fled to the South to worry, wonder, and work. They work hard and worry. There is more wonder and more poetry in the South."

Question: "Your early life?"

Dr Hung: "What can I say about that? It was very good. It is almost a miracle. I have had such an incredible life you might not think it's true.

"When I was a tiny boy, my father and mother met up with a traveling soothsayer who read the zodiac. All right, they said, read our son's future. He said I was a very bright youngster and would be a very good student and make some contribution to the history of China. But unfortunately it looked as if I would not live long. He said, your son will live until his twenty-fifth year and then die--most likely die. If he doesn't die when he is twenty-five, he certainly will when he is fifty. My parents asked if there was any way of escaping these dire predictions. He said, yes: my ancestors. I have no time to go into the history of my ancestors, but the Chinese believe that ancestors watch over their descendants. Thanks to them, you accumulate a lot of credit on a kind of heavenly bankroll. In spite of this, the soothsayer advised my mother and father to have me try and do what needed to be done before I was twenty-five.

"It almost came true. When I was twenty-six, I was studying in New York City. There was an epidemic of Spanish 'flu and I almost died except that Rhoda (the late Mrs Hung), who also was a student, took care of me.

"Just as the soothsayer predicted, the second time I was near death was when I was fifty. He said I would not survive the crisis at fifty. When the Japanese invaded China, I was fifty. I was one of eleven college professors they put in jail. They wanted us to collaborate with them, and we refused. They said, 'If you don't, we are going to shoot you.' This was reported in every newspaper not only in China but in America. So in 1946, as I was walking in Cambridge, I ran into Professor Ferguson, who was a friend. He looked startled and said, "Aren't you William Hung? I thought you were dead!" "Well," I replied, "that report was slightly exaggerated."

Dr Hung's energy, pouring out in ideas and humor, was such that we would not have been surprised if the antique china in the room had exploded. Despite his age, he prepared lunch during the conversation without our being aware of it. The meal turned out to be a culinary coup, from the Peking Duck with a sweet-and-sour dip and the cauliflower lightly turned in oyster sauce to the dessert of honeydew melon at the peak of perfection.

As we ate, the talk turned inevitably to Fellowship in Prayer and its beginnings in 1949.

Dr Hung: "We had so little money. Carl Evans (Fellowship in Prayer's founder) came up to Harvard and said he needed an academic fellow. 'Will you be willing to be on the board?' I said, 'Well, I do not know what you are about, but I believe in what you do. All right, put me on, but I can't spend too much time or effort.'

"The inaugural meeting was held in the Hotel Seville in New York City. It was in a screened-in area of the lobby less than a quarter the size of this room. I think the rent for it was thirty dollars. At that first meeting we incorporated to get a name. There were Carl Evans, Kathryn Brown, Joe Thompson, and myself and a Mr M., who was an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Scarsdale.

"Mr.M, a kind of financier, said, 'Now, let's look at the budget. . . . I see so much for rent, for stationery, newspapers, etc., on outgo. Now, where do you get your income?"

"Carl Evans said he put up three thousand and Kathryn Brown

two thousand. And Mr M. said, 'I never imagined such a thing. You are all poor people. That is not the way to do business. I am a businessman and I am going to get out. I can't be on the board!'

"When we pressed him, he explained that when he loaned money, he always looked first to see if the plan was sound or not, and a plan like this was absolutely unsound. 'When you try to run an organization on self-sacrifice, that is not sound business,' he said. 'You cannot rely on it. I cannot apply my rule to this business.' So I, William Hung, got to be the first President of Fellowship in Prayer. "

Question: "Is the idea of Fellowship in Prayer as valid today as it was then?"

Dr Hung: "The validity of an idea has two meanings. First, is the idea a good one? Second, does the idea meet the need of the times?"

"The idea is good, a sound one. And now we are just as much in need of it as we were thirty years ago. Look at the problems now. Look at the Middle East. . . . Sadat. . . . At first, we didn't know much about him, but then through the media we learned a good deal. And Begin. Now we know a good deal about him, too. I do not doubt in the slightest that both are good and honorable men. With their long religious traditions, they certainly revere and live under God. It is the same God in the end.

"The trouble is that every issue has two sides, the materialistic and the altruistic or spiritual. In politics they all harp on the materialistic. They say, 'Through wars and bloodshed we conquered this land, and we are not going to give it up easily.' Is that really what God wants them to do? I have a feeling that if they would really pray, they would see how foolish and vain and unnecessary the materialistic side is, how it gets us into trouble. Bertrand Russell, who considered himself an atheist, said once about Ireland: 'In the North there are Protestants and in the South Catholics. They quarrel and hate and fight. I often thought: if there were some way by which we could make them both heathen they might be able to get together and start a Christian church.'

"That is the situation over and over again. Ever since the Congress of Vienna, ever since the Tower of Babel, men have aspired to unity. They finally came up with the League of Nations and then the United Nations."

"All on the secular level."

"Yes, the main trouble is they try to meet the goal, but they put the cart before the horse. You have to have a United Nations, but you

will never have it until you have: *united notions!* You have to have united notions and the Fellowship is working toward that.

"It can't be done by the churches. Nowadays, as a result of the ecumenical movement, they are much closer: the Episcopal Church to the Roman and the Quakers are no longer regarded as heretics by the Evangelicals. The Mormons and Christian Science are accepted. But they all concentrate on policy and creed, which they have been doing since the Council of Nicea. It has all come to nothing. All the major faiths make the same mistake in their own way. As I say, leave it to the ordinary man and woman in their hut. Their theology is not much but they have the reality of God.

"From the Biblical standpoint, men were created in God's image. From the secular and historical standpoint, God is created by men in man's image. Generally, in man's *best image.* Different people have different ideas. But the process and the urgency and the need are all the same with everyone. This is where the Fellowship comes in.

"The main thing is to get people thinking. At the moment, one word is more popular than any other. It used to be 'God.' Now it's 'science.' But what we want is to get the idea into people's minds that *spirit* is the thing that counts. *Today!*

"It's complicated. Let's compare it to a face. What good is a person's face? The best part of a face is a smile. But you can't have a smile without a face . So we can't do without the physical, even though it is the smile, the spirit, that makes us different from monkeys and dogs and cats. People do not appreciate this. This difference is so important. It is altruism--mother for child, son for father, neighbor for neighbor. The Americans are the most altruistic of people. Why? The most beautiful part is why. It's not the preaching. It's their religious heritage of unselfishness.

"We do not know the *truth* of God. It is hard to prove. The existence of God is different. It goes inside our conscious and subconscious. Fact. A face is a fact. Am I right? A smile is a value. And which is more important? *Value!* Always."

--MARY P. FUNK

"Peace!"--a word (of salutation) from a Lord Most Merciful!
-- The Holy Koran

Tu Fu on Winter

In the course of his conversation with Mary Funk, Dr Hung referred to Tu Fu, China's greatest poet. The following excerpts--all on the subject of winter--are Dr Hung's translations from the original, which were published in his biography, TU FU (Harvard University Press, 1952).

VI A VISIT IN WINTER to the temple of his mystical majesty north of the city of Lo-yang.

Mysterious indeed is the mystic capital beside the polar star. The fences stretch up the hill to keep intruders out. The priestly officer is strict about all ceremonies, and the guards are empowered to take all precautions.

The green tiles on the roof will keep out the cold of the early winter...

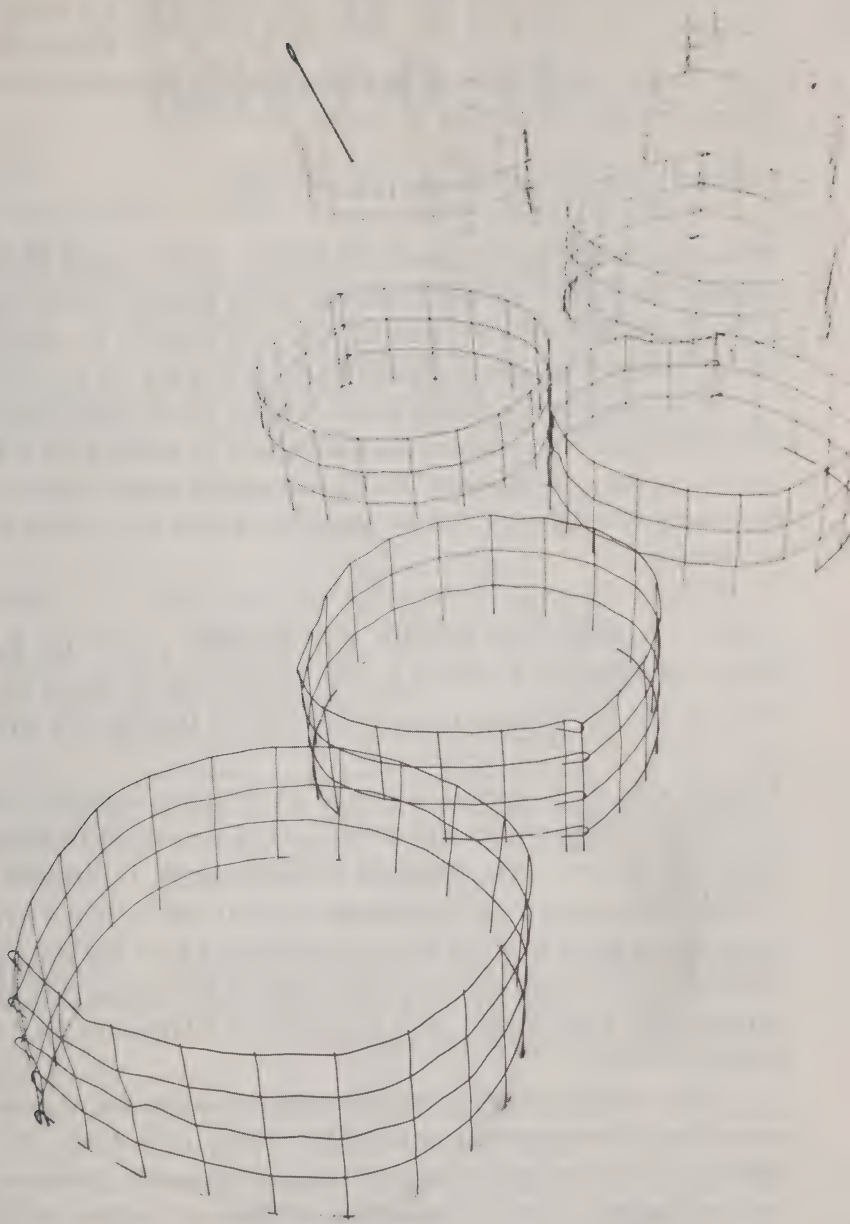
On the temple grounds the green cedars cast deep shadows. The pears are reddish, tinged by severe frost. From the eaves comes the music of the jadelike hangings driven by wind. On the exposed well stands the windlass frozen like silver. . . .

LXVII SNOW

The countless newly dead may lament the battles. As an old man, I shall alone mumble my sadness. The whirling wind forces the snow into a mad dance. The confused clouds press down in the dusk. Of what use is the drinking ladle when there is not a drop in the winepot? The ashes look red only because I imagine the stove is burning. Not a word from the several prefectures! Preposterous! Preposterous!

CCLXVI JANUARY 16, 766

Supported on my son's arm, I must also lean on a staff. For I have lain ill during the whole autumn and more. My white hair is rarely washed; my



WINTER by Tom Dunham

winter robe is now too big and too long. My friend, you are worried that I might die. Your eyes too are filled with tears at this parting. Neither of us knows our future more than these floating duckweeds do theirs. When you write, write fully in closely spaced lines.

CCXCVII DAY AFTER WINTER SOLSTICE

Heaven's time and man's calendar have daily rushed toward the winter solstice, after which the sun grows and spring returns. Slender threads of five colors--like the sun's slanting rays--will enter the embroidery one by one. And the light sedge-ash will be blown from the six musical tubes.

The riverside has chosen to wait another month before displaying the willow leaves. But these hills must intend to sweep away the chill and let out the plum blossoms. Nature and season remain the same, but the country is different; I call my son to bring me a cup of wine and let me drain it.

CXIV TOWARD THE END OF THE WINTER, I go to the Eastern capital on business. I meet Mong Yun-Ch'ing east of Hu-Ch'eng. We return to Liu Hao's house to spend the night in feasting and drinking.

A fierce wind whips up dust to darken the districts along the river; a traveler can hardly see his own hand. East of the city of Hu-Ch'eng, I happen to open my eyes: There, on a halting horse, I recognize Yun-Ch'ing's face. Had we not Liu Hao for our host, we could not have returned to this grand feast. Mr Liu is pleased that I have brought a guest; he lights lamps, brings out wine, and spreads a fine table. "Let us talk and enjoy this whole night," says he. "Make no reference to the difficult progress of war!"

The stove burns red in the room with the semblance of dawn; the moon gives the papered window the appearance of rippled silk. Not long ago the universe was turned upside down near Ch'ang-an. Just now, winter is ending and spring is commencing in Lo-yang's palace halls. Who could ever have thought that our paths would lead to this same place? We regret that the hours of the clepsydra are running fast; such happy meetings are rare in one's life. When the cocks crow among the trees in the yard, our parting tears drop like rain.

READERS RESPOND

ONE READER objected to some of the thoughts in "Rich Christians In An Age of Hunger," which appeared in the December 1978 issue. "I am not enchanted with the thesis of the fellow who glorifies poverty. I would say that the Judaeo-Christian outlook is one in which we seek to alleviate the ills of poverty. ... . As for the statement that God 'destroyed Israel,' that's shocking! God did nothing of the kind. Israel is not destroyed. Scattered, yes, but not by God but by the brutal Roman oppressors."

—

Some of you may have been surprised on December 23, 1978, to notice a newspaper "advertisement" offering a gift--"The Gift Money Can't Buy," a way to personal peace. You may have observed also that the gift came from the Fellowship.

You will find enclosed with this issue a copy of that message which appeared in various newspapers, as well as a card on which the prayer is printed. If you would like to have additional copies of this card, let us know.

—

Following is a sampling of comments from some of the many people who requested more information about Fellowship in Prayer.

"I saw your ad in the newspaper and was impressed with the beauty and depth of the article."

"I thought it was just wonderful and beautiful. I sent a copy of the ad to my niece and I know it will go further. Thanks a million."

"Your statements are beautiful in asking God for this and that. But God would not have given us the attributes (of thinking and doing for ourselves) if he wanted to be called upon for help."

—PETER V.K. FUNK

If only I'd had the eyes to see,
the ears to hear, the mind to understand.

COULDN'T GOD HEAR

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning. My husband put down the telephone, his eyes intent with alarm as he looked at me. "The doctor said you couldn't move until I lift you."

I sank back on my pillow protesting I could get to the car myself. I felt strangely light and euphoric though I had just hemorrhaged. My euphoria confronted Peter's fear. After all, I had had five other children. And the labor pains weren't bad.

The black night against the window weakened the light in the room. A memory came to me of a previous hemorrhage which had threatened this same baby with a miscarriage.

"I'm going to carry you to the car. Stay as still as possible. People have bled to death in minutes," Peter emphasized.

I let him half-carry and -walk me down the many steps of our old house. A superhuman effort went into lifting a nine-month-pregnant mother whose weight was now close to his own.

A sense of unreality wiped out the euphoria. This wasn't happening to me. It couldn't be. My other children had all had such normal deliveries.

At the hospital the atmosphere in the delivery-room bristled with intensity. My doctor had not done many Caesarian operations. The chall-

MY PRAYERS?

BY MARY MACNEAL

enge was still fresh.

However, the labor pains stopped. Since the baby's heart was strong, the decision was made to wait.

And wait I did. For two days I waited through on-and-off labor pains that gripped my back and belly.

Compounding my unhappiness was the fact I was alone in a double room. Uncertainties and distance kept friends and family away. Peter, my only solace, was consumed by the demands of a large family and a vulnerable business.

I kept checking my watch. It seemed to have slowed down or even to have broken. None of the shiny, bright magazines could lighten the gray worry now pressuring other thoughts from my mind.

I decided it might help if I worked my mind and I memorized the 121st Psalm. Lillian Galbraith, a friend of ours, had told me it was a favorite of hers. Such lines as "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep" brought comfort and peace so that when the doctor decided to induce the baby, I was very serene.

It was odd to be in the delivery-room after the labor was artifically started as I was fully conscious this time. I studied the surgical instru-

ments in the gleaming glass cabinet against the wall. I was alone again, waiting for the last stages to begin as the nurses busied themselves with other patients.

Waiting. . . waiting. . . flat on the hard table, fastened down with the insulting large clamps on my arms and legs. My serenity wavered as I wondered how I would get out if there was a fire. Would they remember me? The white aseptic room swept over and into me, a winter wave of ice crystals. The silence was broken only when sharp heels hammered outside the doors along the hallway.

Suddenly the baby took over my body, strongly signaling an entrance into the world. The signals brought a flurry of action. Immediately I was surrounded with nurses. My doctor gave his attention to monitoring the birth. To my relief I learned I was to have no anaesthetic as I might have to participate in helping to control the delivery.

The doctor, intense, watched each motion of the baby in my womb. He started working on my belly, pressing hard, helping the baby to turn to the right position. He gave me orders on breathing, holding back, pushing --my belly a heaving earthquake of activity--as I breathed tremendous gulps of air. The baby and I struggled together to free ourselves of the scream of pain.

On and on it seemed to go. Wouldn't it ever stop? I turned my head from side to side rapidly to do something. I couldn't move my arms. The constriction was maddening. And on and on it went while I heard the nurses and the doctor discussing what they would have for dinner, or talking about their dates, or other irrelevancies. Had they forgotten I was awake? Once a nurse put her hand on my arm to say the baby was almost here, but her attitude was so detached I felt as if I were a patient with only a minor scratch. Where was the wonder? The miracle? The joy of a new life coming into the world? Where was the compassion for the suffering of another person?

Perhaps because I had not screamed or protested, they thought I was in no pain. I suddenly felt tears in my eyes. I had said the 121st Psalm over and over. ". . . The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." Now I just said, "Lord, have mercy. . . mercy. . . mercy." But no relief. I wondered if God had abandoned me. Or even if there was a God!

Then it was over. "You have a baby boy!" they announced. After letting me hold him a second, they quickly put me under an anaesthetic.

When I was back in my room, I woke to find my darling husband's

arm around me, his face close to mine. I felt so thirsty, so drained. Never before had I felt anything but happiness. I felt my tears come, and gasped that the doctors and nurses were so mean--*so mean!* They had paid no attention to me, or so it had seemed. It had been too hard. What good were my prayers? I had never prayed before while having a baby, and this time, when I had, it had been a nightmarish experience.

AT home I enjoyed Paul enormously. It was the first time in many years I'd had the fun of having a baby all to myself. Various relatives were caring for our other children for a week so as to give me a chance to recover.

Gradually I forgot about the difficulties, though once in a while I puzzled over the experience. Why hadn't my prayers been answered?

One day, months later, as I was making the beds, I had a flash of understanding. I realized what had happened. My memory replayed the experience. Somewhat detached now from the event, I had a clear picture of the delivery-room.

I remembered my doctor's face as he worked over me. It had been covered with perspiration and sympathetic with concern. Had his occasional bantering been to relieve tension? And the nurses? They were there with their skills. I was simply making assumptions about their apparent indifference.

When it was all over, the doctor explained that this had been one of the most difficult births he'd encountered in a long time. He had been especially worried about the baby. Somehow his words didn't penetrate. I hadn't really heard them. My concentration was on my own pain, my own discomfort. It never occurred to me until this moment that Paul's life actually had been in real danger, that he could have died or been seriously injured.

I sat on the partially-made bed, stunned by my lack of perception and awareness, asking God's forgiveness. I had neither seen nor understood His real love. He knew the most important thing to me was the life of my baby. My prayers had been answered more fully and more perfectly than I could ever comprehend.

As the 121st Psalm promised, God blessed and "preserved the coming in."

I knew the joy of revelation.

Photo by Tom Dunham

A PRAYER

BY FRANCES BRANDON NEIGHBOURS

God help me to be
understanding
when I am misunderstood.
Let me refrain
from anger
or a feeling
of antagonism.
Hear my prayer
and protect me
from myself
and others.
Let quietness
replace discord
and peace come
to my dwelling.

A BOY PHILOSOPHER

A STORY BY ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

MY BROTHER ISRAEL JOSHUA, because of his emancipated views, found it difficult to speak to my father, whose only response was, "Unbeliever! Enemy of Judaism!" On the other hand, my brother would have long talks with my mother, and often, in my presence, they would discuss me.

"What's to become of him?" my brother would argue. "Must he marry and open a store or become a teacher in a heder? There are too many stores already and too many teachers. If you glance out the window, Mother, you can see what Jews look like--stooped, despondent, living in filth. Watch them drag their feet as they walk. . . . Listen to them speak. It's no wonder everyone else thinks of them as Asiatics. And how long do you think Europe will stand for this clump of Asia in its midst?"

"Gentiles have always hated Jews," Mother said. "Even if a Jew wore a top hat, he'd be hated, because he stands for truth."

"What truth? Does anyone know what truth is? Every religion has its own prophets and holy books. Have you heard of Buddhism? Buddha was just like Moses and he performed miracles too."

Mother made a face as if she had some bad-tasting thing in her mouth. "How can you dare to compare them--an idol worshipper to the patriarch Moses? Woe is me! What my own flesh and blood says. . . ."

"Listen, Mother. Buddha was no idol worshipper, but a very profound thinker. He agreed with our own prophets. As for Confucius. . . ."

"No more! Don't speak of those heathen in the same breath as our saints. The Buddha came from India. . . . I remember that from *The*

"A Boy Philosopher" by Isaac Bashevis Singer, copyright c 1966 by Isaac Bashevis Singer, is reprinted from IN MY FATHER'S COURT by permission of the Publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, who was awarded the 1978 Nobel Prize for Literature, is the author of many delightful stories, plays, and novels.

Paths of the World. They burn widows there and kill aged parents while everyone celebrates."

"You don't mean India?"

"Who cares? They're all beasts. A cow, to them, is a god. The Chinese, on the other hand, throw away their extra daughters. We Jews alone believe in one God; all the others worship trees, snakes, crocodiles, everything you can think of . . . . They're all wicked. Even while they say, 'Turn the other cheek,' they murder each other and go on sinning. You want to compare them to us?"

"If we had our own country, we'd be involved in wars also. King David wasn't such a compassionate man. . . ."

"Shush! Watch what you say! May God have mercy on you! Don't touch our anointed. King David and Solomon were both prophets. The Talmud says it is wrong to consider David a sinner. . . ."

"I know what it says. But what about Bathsheba?"

Since that was my mother's name, every time I heard about Bathsheba I felt that Mother was somehow implicated. Mother's face flushed.

"Sh! You read idiotic books and repeat everything! King David will live forever and those trashy books aren't worth the paper they're printed on. Who are the authors? Loafers."

These discussions intrigued me. I had already discussed the subjects with my brother. I had no inclination to be a storekeeper or Talmud teacher nor have a "slovenly wife and a bunch of brats," as my brother put it. Once he said, "He'd better become a worker."

"With God's help he'll be a Rabbi, not a worker. He takes after his grandfather," Mother said.

"A Rabbi? Where? Everywhere there are Rabbis. Why do we need so many?"

"And why so many workers? A Rabbi, no matter how poor he is, is still better off than a shoemaker."

"Just wait until the workers unite."

"They'll never unite. Each one wants to steal the other's bread. Why don't soldiers unite and refuse to go to war?"

"Oh, that will come too."

"When? There's so much unnecessary killing. Every Monday and Thursday there's a Turkish crisis. The world is full of evil, that's all there is to it. We'll never find peace here--only in the other world."

"You're a pessimist, Mother."

"Wait, my soup is burning!"

How often I listened to discussions of this sort, with each side effectively destroying the arguments of the other! But when it came to proving the case, what was relied on were easily disputed quotations. I remained silent, with opinions of my own. The Gentiles were idol worshippers, true, but King David actually had sinned. And when Jews lived in their own country, they too had killed. And it was true that each religion had its own prophets, but who could say which ones had spoken to God? These were questions that Mother did not seem able to answer.

"What kind of trade appeals to you?" my brother asked. "How about becoming an engraver and carving letters on brass and copper?"

"Good."

"Or a watchmaker?"

"Too hard."

"You can learn it. How about a doctor?"

"Let him be. What do doctors know? They take money for nothing. Jews will always be Jews and they'll always need Rabbis."

"In Germany, Rabbis attend universities!" my brother announced proudly.

"I know those reform Rabbis," my mother said. "They can find a way to permit eating meat with milk dishes, but how can they justify shaving, when it's contrary to Mosaic law? What kind of Rabbi defies the Torah?"

"They use a kind of powder for shaving, not a razor."

"Are they ashamed of beards because they want to look like Gentiles? If their Rabbis are like that, I can imagine what the rest of them are like."

Suddenly Father appeared from his study. "Let's end these discussions once for all," he called out. "Tell me--who created the world? All they see is the body and they think that's all there is. The body is nothing but a tool. Without the soul, the body is like a slab of wood. The souls of those who gorge themselves and swill are evil and wander about in the desert, tortured by devils and hobgoblins. They've learned the truth too late. Even Gehenna is closed to them. The world is full of transmigrant souls. . . ." Father cried out, "When a soul leaves a body unclean, it is returned to earth to wander about again, as a worm or a reptile, and its grief is tremendous. . . ."

"Then, according to you, Father, God is wicked."

"Enemy of Israel! God loves man, but when he defiles himself,

he must be cleansed."

"How can you expect a Chinaman to know the Torah?"

"What's a Chinaman to you? It's just as necessary for Gentiles to exist as for birds or fish. When I open a holy book I sometimes see a mite smaller than a pinpoint walking about. It too is a wonder of God. Can all the professors in the world get together and create one mite?"

"Well, what does it all add up?"

After Father left and Mother went out to buy something, I asked my brother, "Who did create the mite?"

"Nature."

"And who created nature?"

"And who created God?" my brother rejoined. "Something had to come from itself, and later everything developed out of its original matter. From the energy of the sun, the first bacteria were created at the edge of the sea. Conditions happened to be favorable. Creatures fought among themselves and the strongest survived. Bacteria formed into colonies and a division of the functions began."

But where did it all come from in the first place?

"It was always like this; no one knows. But you can be sure of one thing--one needn't put on the phylacteries of Rabbi Tam. It's all fabricated. Every people has its own rites. There was the Rabbi, for example, who said you mustn't urinate in the snow on the Sabbath because it resembles plowing. . . ."

Although later in my life I read a great deal of philosophy, I never found more compelling arguments than those that came up in my own kitchen. I even heard at home the strange facts that are in the province of psychic research. And after such discussions I would go outside to play, but as I went through the games of tag, hide-and-seek, and cops-and-robbers, my imagination was at work. What if I found the kind of water that made one wise and a party to all secrets, or if the prophet Elijah arrived to teach me the Seven Wisdoms of the World? And what if I found a telescope that saw directly into heaven? My thoughts, which were not the thoughts of other boys, made me both proud and lonely. And always there was the final question: What was right? What must I do? ? Why did God remain silent in the Seventh Heaven? Once a man came up to me and asked, "What's the matter? Why do you think so hard? Are you afraid the sky will fall on you?"

In the search for human excellence,
according to Gopi Krishna, it might be useful
to consider the reservoir of pscyhic energy which,
when roused by "Kundalini," can lead to transcendental
states of consciousness, genius, and other powers beyond the norm

HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY GOPI KRISHNA

IT IS OFTEN HARD to convince a man about the error in his own thinking. If it were easy, there wouldn't be so many different points of view, each convinced of its own authenticity, justified by argument. There wouldn't be so many different schools of philosophy or such a variety of political ideologies.

It is common to see people defending their opinions and beliefs even when palpably absurd and untenable. But the mind exhibiting the untenable view is so possessed or warped that, try as we might, it is not possible to dislodge it from its stand. This is why we see such a vast diversity of opinions on the issue of higher consciousness in hundreds of books, each representing a different point of view.

From this it is easy to imagine the colossal nature of the task

of anyone who sets out to prove that it is possible for an individual to exceed the limits of human consciousness. For in this plane of reality, the observing mind and the objective world assume a different relationship; not as the subject and the object, but as the two aspects of one underlying reality.

There is an obvious difficulty in presenting an idea entirely new and beyond the comprehension of an ordinary mind. This concept is so far removed from our normal experience that it is extremely difficult for anyone to accept readily without falling prey to doubts and uncertainties.

It is because of this difficulty and behaviour of the mind that one of the most persistent phenomena in history, resulting in cataclysmic changes in human thought, still remains a mystery. At best, it is a controversial issue among intellectual leaders, and its implications for the future of mankind have been completely obscured.

I refer to the appearance of great mystics, seers, and prophets, including Christ and Buddha, on the stage of history.

The upheavals they caused in the thoughts and lives of countless people--with their glimpses of a higher realm of creation, their own example, and their exhortations for a nobler life--are interwoven with the whole fabric of history.

Can we ascribe all of the ferment they caused, and the faith of millions they commanded for hundreds of years, merely to a chance occurrence or a delusion of the multitudes? If not, have we ever come close to understanding the mystery lying behind their births and careers? What force drew them to prodigious acts of renunciation and martyrdom? What power spoke the inspired phrases that were to become household words and stir the hearts of people even today? What magnetic power allowed them to gain such a hold on their disciples and followers, so that their names are still alive? Even from this great distance, these prophets dwarf the eminent thinkers and intellectuals who rose after them.

The world has been so carried away by erroneous descriptions of higher consciousness presented in modern times, that it has completely shut out the fact that the most outstanding examples of transhuman conciousness--the great mystics and founders of religions--both in their mental stature and mode of life evidenced certain extraordinary characteristics that are absolutely beyond the territory of altered states of

SEATED BUDDHA

(Wood sculpture from Chinese Turkestan in the Fifth Century A.D.)

consciousness induced by drugs, biofeedback, hypnosis, or autosuggestive meditation techniques.

All these methods produce only ordinary men and women. Some may be prone to visionary experiences, clairvoyant insights, or even to creative flashes but ordinary all the same. None are even remotely comparable to these outstanding figures of the past.

Many individuals today claim to have achieved the highest state consciousness, but it would take pages to list their names. We can begin with familiar writers such as Ram Dass (he has often claimed to have reached Samadhi, both with drugs and without) and John Lilly, who says the same in the introduction to his book *Center of the Cyclone*. Then there are dozens of gurus, such as Muktananda, Shri Chimoy, Satya Sai Baba and many, many more, who all claim to be in the state of Super Consciousness or Cosmic Consciousness. All of these advocate different techniques, but none discusses the biological aspects of the evolutionary processes.

The validity of psychic phenomena is widely admitted even by some scientists, though no one is able to assign a plausible reason for it. Some scientists are even prepared to accept the credibility of bizarre phenomena, like that produced by Uri Geller and others. Dr Andrija Puharich ascribes some of Geller's extraordinary feats to the mental influence of extraterrestrial beings. Equally fantastic explanations are often given for the weird occurrences witnessed at mediumistic seances.

There is perhaps no realm of knowledge that provides such a vast field for the exercise of the phantasmic faculty in man as the occult and the paranormal. But it is not readily accepted that the power behind the extraordinary performances of spiritual geniuses and the force behind psychic phenomena are both the outflow of a springhead of intelligent energy, present in the human organism. The explanation, though simple and rational, free of any fantastic overtones, is shunned.

WHAT I AM ASSERTING, with a full sense of responsibility, and based on my own experience, is that there is a marvelous potential present in the human body that is drawing humankind toward a sublime state of consciousness inconceivable for even the most intelligent mind that has not experienced it.

The appearance of all extraordinary prophets and mystics of the past--most of whom were credited with psychic faculties--and the existence of outstanding mediums and sensitives, are historical facts. They provide irrefutable evidence for the fact that the human brain has a capacity for extraordinary manifestations that we have not as yet been able either to understand or explain.

The issue remaining to be explored and authenticated is the existence of the potentiality, present in the human organism, to create this extraordinary condition of the brain. And for this purpose, scientific investigation into the phenomenon of Kundalini can provide the necessary avenue.

. . . . What mental prodigies will illumine the world and what colossal changes will be effected when the laws governing this process of transfiguration become known! The outstanding intellects of the world will then undergo effective disciplines to activate the mechanism in themselves to achieve the highest goal possible for humanity.

What I assert might at first sight appear to be impossible--the wishful dream of a visionary that has no roots in reality. But the science of Kundalini will lead to the fulfillment of the dreams of idealists through the ages, because with this new organ of perception will come the solution to many of the greatest problems facing us today.

Animal traits and frailties of human being have been so rampant in history that it can well be considered a delusion to believe that mankind can ever reach a condition of peaceful coexistence, harmony, brotherhood, justice, and plenitude.

Humankind has, however, made progress. We are more aware than people have ever been of the inhumanity among men. This inner process could never be possible unless it had a psychic or biological base or even both. In either case, the brain must have been in some way influenced or molded to allow the trend to be a part of the individual and collective mind.

If this is accepted, then it follows that whatever the nature of the agency, the ideas and behaviour of the individuals can retard or accelerate this trend. For the refinement in human behaviour and thought there must also occur a corresponding refinement in the brain and nervous system. But since we are entirely unaware of the processes by which the brain functions--and the nature of the energy used in its activity--it is idle to expect that we can understand these processes.

This much we know for certain: The religious luminaries of mankind included in their ranks men and women of the loftiest character ever born. High moral caliber goes side by side with an elevated state of consciousness. The psychosomatic instrument to effect this transformation of consciousness and the ennoblement of character is Kundalini. In the ages to come, therefore, the voluntarily created products of Kundalini will not only be mental and intellectual prodigies of the highest order, but also men and women of exemplary character.

There is a weighty reason why this should be so: The entry to the superconscious state implies a thrilling and exhilarating experience: there is nothing of this earth to compare with it. It is the acme of all that a human being would like to have, possess, or achieve. "The cow that fulfills all wishes," "the island of jewels," "the garden of bliss," "the mountain of gold," and other such euphemistic terms were coined by the ancient masters to signify the indescribable glory of this sovereign state,

THE FEARS expressed by William Irwin Thompson, that such a crop of adepts would introduce a new papacy and pose a threat to democracy, are unfounded. In the first place, such an attitude presupposes belief in the perpetual nature of the present form of ideas about democracy and other modern political systems, in which cracks have already begun to appear.

Secondly, it completely ignores the actual reality, which allots a dominant position to the intelligent and gifted in a society over their less fortunate compeers. Again, can we reasonably suppose that man can overthrow a system that is rooted in the very base of the universe and human individuality and planned by nature for his evolution; nor can we ever succeeed in making all men and women equally intelligent and capable, when the very structure of nature exhibits polarities? If such a supposition is unrealistic, as it clearly is, then where is the flaw in what I forecast?

The very nature of the present explosive state of the world makes it imperative that some other class of men than those who now hold the reins of power in the various fields of human activity should occupy their places. They alone can bring harmony where chaos and violence prevail at present.

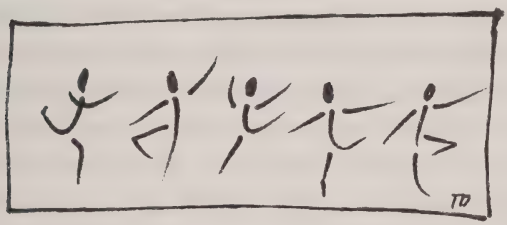
The present search for "masters," "gurus," "initiators," and

"adepts" is a forerunner of the events to come.

I am not worried that intellectuals as a class are apathetic to what I aver. This has always been the situation whenever a new idea was presented to mankind. The intelligentsia forms the most vehement opposition, because the concept is so new and so radically divergent from the thinking of the past that an overhauling of our present-day notions and values is necessary to assimilate it.

What is of paramount importance is that the possibilities implicit in Kundalini should become known. This is slowly coming to pass. This all-out search for a better order and a happier life for humanity will never cease until the objective is won.

From THE AWAKENING OF KUNDALINI by Gopi Krishna, copyright 1975 by Gopi Krishna. Reprinted by permission of the publisher E.P.Dutton & Co. Inc., New York



A lot could be said about the culture we live in, but one way to describe it in shorthand is to quote a passage from Thomas Merton: "There is a pervasive form of contemporary violence to which the idealist fighting for peace by nonviolent methods most easily succumbs: activism and overwork. The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence. More than that, it is cooperation in violence. The frenzy of the activist neutralizes his work for peace. It destroys his own inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of his own work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes work fruitful." --John Crocker Jr

NOTICES & COMMENT

OUR NEW ADVISOR FROM THE SOUTH is Mrs Georgiana Lieder Lahr of Pompano Beach, Florida. Born in Brooklyn, N.Y., she graduated from Hunter College with a B.S. and a master's degree in education. She and her late husband John devoted their lives to teaching young people in the public schools of New York State. As readers of this publication know, Mrs Lahr is also a writer--of many children's books and of five volumes of poetry. Now retired, she devotes her time both to writing and the sea, "along or in which," she says, she spends many happy hours.

ANOTHER NEW ADVISOR is from the East: Miss Margaret Ruth Thomas of Crestwood, N.J. She was born and educated in Missouri, taught there for five years, then came to Columbia University to get a master's degree, and after that became for the next thirty years head of the English department of Spring Valley, N.Y., high school. On retirement in 1962, Miss Thomas went to Nigeria to work to upgrade native teachers, to tour the Sahara, and to visit Dr Schweitzer. She has travelled all over the world and been active with many national and international teachers' associations and historical societies. She was UN representative first for the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, later for the Soroptimists. She now devotes her time to conducting a local TV show, lecturing, visiting her many friends, and looking after her cat.

A THIRD NEW ADVISOR also comes from New Jersey. He is William LaFleur, Assistant Professor of Religion at Princeton University. He graduated from Calvin College, received his M.A. from the University of Michigan and his Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. As an undergraduate he planned to major in English. But one of his favorite teachers, who had been with the occupation army in Japan, had come home with such a keen appreciation of the Japanese that he influenced Dr LaFleur to concentrate on Japanese studies. In Japan he studied Buddhism, which eventually became his specialty. A superb teacher whose courses are always popular among students, he last year published his translation of the poems of the medieval Japanese poet Saigyo *(Mirror For The Moon, New Directions)*. Dr LaFleur lives in Princeton with his wife Norma and their two children.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LAND THAT I SHOW YOU. Three Centuries of Jewish Life in America. *By Stanley Feldstein, Anchor Press, Doubleday, $12.95.* Someone has said that members of a handicapped minority must be "twice as good to get half as far."

The story of American Jewry is vividly chronicled in this well-written book. The author, a history instructor at the New School for Social Research, has digested an enormous amount of material and conveys it grippingly. Victims of bigotry, ostracism, inequity, and inequality, the Jews of America transcended their difficulties and have, by and large, done well both for themselves and for this country.

At first there were few Jews. Up to 1881, the Jewish population was tiny. With the onslaught upon them by East European hoodlums, Jews swarmed into the U.S. In the 1920's the flow of immigration was stanched by prejudicial legislation.

Today, though American Jewry is less than three per cent of the population, it has attained lofty status and had enormous imprint on the body politic. How this occurred is the subject of this splendid narrative.

THE FINAL CONCLAVE. *By Malachi Martin. Stein & Day. $11.95.* The author, a former Jesuit priest, imagines what the convocation assembled to elect the next Pope will be like. He puts into the mouths of various cardinals the viewpoints which now prevail in the minds and hearts of the hierarchs controlling the church. The Americans contend that their country will become the capital of Roman Catholicism. The activists plead for more stress on the social gospel. Some urge great compromises with and concessions to Marxism. The Africans denounce the church for neglecting the darker people and demand more attention. The Italians doggedly defend their hegemony. There are so many citations of actual statements made by church spokesmen that the reader is often unable to distinguish fact from the author's fertile fantasy. An exciting book, justifying what might be a pietist's cry, "Is nothing sacred?" or perhaps, "Is nothing secret?"

--SAMUEL M. SILVER

EDITORIAL *(Continued from page 1)*

tive of my being that the original goal of excellence was wholly forgotten.

This, needless to say, was a waste. Battle is not the place in which the spirit flowers. Excellence practiced in this fashion spoils itself, is anything but excellence.

But excellence sought and every now and then achieved for its own sake, for the beauty of it, for the satisfaction of having brought it into existence, is to participate in the life of this earth which, I feel certain, the Lord desires for it. To go after it in this way is to exist as we are meant to. --P.G.

WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS (they are tax-deductible) of any amount. Our purpose is to have as many people as possible participate in Fellowship in Prayer. You, as donor, will receive a card certifying you as a Partner in Prayer in the Fellowship. In addition you will be sent the equivalent of a subscription to this bi-monthly publication.

Fellowship in Prayer
Room 230, 20 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J. 08540 Date . . . . . .

I enclose $. . . . . as a donation to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER toward furthering the work. (All contributions are tax-deductible.) As a Partner in Prayer, I will receive a copy of its bi-monthly publication.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . STATE . . . . . ZIP . . . . .

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER INC.
Room 230, 20 Nassau Street
Princeton, N.J. 08540
(609) 924-0880

Peter V.K. Funk, Executive Director and Treasurer
Paul Griffith, Editor
Joy Bergman, Assistant Secretary

Board of Trustees
William Hung, President Emeritus
Peter V.K. Funk, President Emeritus
Reuben L, Musey, President
Narcissa Chamberlain, Vice President
Paul Griffith, Vice President
Francis Merchant, Vice President
Edwiene Schmitt, Vice President
Samuel M. Silver
Kathryn G. Brown, Secretary of the Corporation

Advisers & Contributing Editors
Ray Allen Albert (Virginia)
Velta Myrle Allen (California)
Elizabeth Barjou (New York)
Dorothy Barko (New York)
Dennis Barry Carroll (Maryland)
Emilie, Lady Coote (England)
Emily Sargent Councilman (N.C.)
W. W. DeBolt (Nevada)
Zelma S. Dennis (California)
Georga Palmer Dishner (Tennessee)
Eleanor Ebersole (Pennsylvania)
Marion H. Freeman (Massachusetts)
Mary P. Funk (New Jersey)
Nixeon Civille Handy (Washington)
Catherine C. Houck (Pennsylvania)
William LaFleur (New Jersey)
Georgiana Lieder Lahr (Florida)
Hsuan-min Liu (China)
Mildred Long (California)
Georgia S. Marin (New Hampshire)
Emma S. McLaughlin (Pennsylvania)
Mrs Reuben L. Musey (Maryland)
Mrs Charles Oakes (N.C.)
Carla Patsuris (New York)
Marion J. Richardson (New York)
Swami Ritajananda (France)
Mrs Mildred Seydell (Georgia)
Margaret Ruth Thomas (New Jersey)
Dr Teh-yao Wu (Singapore)

Suggested BOOKS

Prayer

Michel Quoist: PRAYERS *(Sheed & Ward)*. Realistic, beautiful meditations rooted in our own times.

Thomas Merton: CONTEMPLATION. Image. Spare. Brilliant. Incisive.

Myanaponika Thero: THE HEART OF BUDDHIST MEDITATION.*(Samuel Weiser)*. Excellent insights.

Gopi Krishna: The AWAKENING OF KUNDALINI *(E.P.Dutton)*. Interesting Hindu approach to enlightenment.

Mysticism

Evelyn Underhill: MYSTICISM *(Meridian)*. The definitive book on the subject.

Guidance

Paul Tournier: A PLACE FOR YOU. THE MEANING OF PERSONS *(Harper & Row)*. This world-famous psychiatrist is always lucid and helpful.

Alan W. Jones: JOURNEY INTO CHRIST *(Grove Press)*. Exciting spiritual guidance.

Theology, History, Biography

Walpola Rahula: WHAT THE BUDDHA TAUGHT *(Grove Press)*. One of the best books to understand the subject.

Wing-Tsit Chan: THE WAY OF LAO TZU *(Bobbs-Merrill)*. Good background well presented.

"For a world united in prayer"